

All This And Heaven Too

by Omoni

Category: Undertale

Genre: Humor, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Asriel, Frisk

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-13 04:49:37

Updated: 2016-04-13 04:49:37

Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:54:18

Rating: M

Chapters: 4

Words: 4,741

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Barred legally from municipal marriage and tired of waiting, Asriel and Frisk decided to get married - the monster is takes place a year after the events of "Delilah" and "Too Heavy A Burden" and contains many many many many spoilers. It has has a higher rating than the previous stories for reasons rather obvious within the first few paragraphs. Part 7 of "Abovetale".

1. It talks to me in tiptoes

Note: So following this story is going to be a rather big story (called "Queen of Peace"), so I've decided to fill the time with a few small one-shots while I write that monster (haha) of a story (and man is it going to be a monster ;P). There will be this one, one Alphys/Undyne story, and perhaps a couple of other sillies, before the big one comes in "â€" and finishes the entire arc of Abovetale. Yep, I am going to finish the series, and Queen of Peace will be its final installment (because really, following it, there's nothing more to write about, unless someone gives me fuel?).

****Chapter One: It talks to me in tiptoes****

"I think it's time we got married," Asriel said one evening, as he and Frisk washed dishes together. "We should do it on the one year anniversary that we made love."

Frisk dropped a mug (a goat-faced one from Asgore) into the sink in shock. She stared at him, then smiled sadly. "I wish we could, too," she agreed, taking one of his soapy hands in hers.

"No, idiot," he said affectionately. "I mean, a monster marriage. I know those assholes would never let us get married. We instead should go Underground and have a monster ceremony."

"But it won't be legal," she protested, though her heart was racing at the thought.

"I don't care," he replied. "It'll be legal for _us_. Us monsters."

Frisk smiled, her eyes softening. "You're right, Asriel," she agreed. He blinked, surprised; clearly he'd been expecting more of a fight. "We should have done this the moment we were denied."

Asriel beamed at her, forgetting the dishes at once.

"I do have a condition, however," she added. "We wait until the night of our marriage until we make love again."

"Iâ€¦" was going to suggest the same," Asriel said shyly. "That's traditional." He blushed.

"Wellâ€¦" Frisk moved closer to him, pressing her body against his with no space between. "Starting when?"

Asriel closed his eyes and inhaled deeply, unable to help his body's response to her. She could feel it and shifted her body in just the right way, and without control, he groaned out, "Tomorrow," and reached for her, his hands soapy but firm. She leapt up and hooked her arms and legs around him, her face going right to his and kissing him hard. He groaned again and pushed her against the counter, in the way that touched her just right, even through their clothes, and she was the one who moaned this time.

His hands, calloused by now but still gentle, reached to pull her shirt off, and she complied, tugging his off once free. For a moment, they embraced, relishing in their bare skin touching, Asriel's soft, downy skin and Frisk's bare, smooth skin. It was such a wonderful feeling that for a moment, there was nothing else â€" just this. That is, until Frisk reached out and placed the flat of her palm on his chest, then trailed it down to the front of his pants, snapping his mind back at once. She unhooked her legs and jumped up onto the counter, using both hands to pull his pants down, before reaching down teasingly, even as he stumbled out of them. Before she could touch him, he pushed against her and kissed her, whispering her name as he did, and she clutched at him, her hands on his hips.

Asriel's hands snaked down to pull her leggings off, and she smiled and did it herself, now bare-assed on the counter but not caring. He stared at her, unable to help it, and she stared back, her face red and her heart racing, so loud he could hear it. Then, as if pulled together, they collided, kissing deeply, hands seeking hot flesh and hard flesh, bringing gasps of pleasure and need from both.

"Now?" Asriel asked breathlessly. He always asked, regardless of how much time passed, and she nodded fiercely, reaching for him with a barely-smothered cry. He complied, pushing deep within her warmth, and she sighed, her eyes closing tight and her head tilting back, her legs back around his hips. He held onto her tight, his face buried into the crook of her neck, and she whimpered, especially when he pushed deeper.

"More," Frisk urged, legs and muscle gripping tight, her hands clutching at his back, and Asriel's eyes closed, moving slowly at first, wanting to make it last, wanting to bring as much pleasure to her as he could, but she begged for more, pleaded, really, and his

blood turned to fire. He gripped the counter's edge and moved, as fast and hard as he dared, and she held him, his name a constant sound upon her lips, her eyes glazed and her face red. She met each thrust, each push, with sharp cries, squirming against him with no control "and finding lack of control just fine.

"Asriel" she gasped out, her eyes now closed tight. Her legs were shaking now, as were his, breaths gasps and names merely messes of syllables. "Now," she hissed, before she pushed herself up against him and keened out, and he could feel her come, feel those muscles grip tight, and she cried out, arching her back, her nails digging into his back as she came. He shut his eyes tight, loving all of it, all of her, and he kept himself as still within her as he dared, hoping to draw out more pleasure for her.

"Asriel" Frisk whispered, limp against him, now, and when he nodded, she hissed out, "More."

Asriel held her close and moved again, this time faster and harder. She threw her head back and gritted her teeth, this movements triggering aftershocks deep within, so much that she cried out each time he thrust deep.

"Frisk," he rasped out, and she nodded, clutching him close. With a strangled sound, he held her for dear life as he came, and she clung back, adoring how quiet he could be, but also how, when losing control, he could almost match her vocal intensity.

They stayed that way for a moment, hearts racing against each other, gentle kisses and caresses joining the satiated silence. When Asriel could open his eyes, Frisk was resting her head against his shoulder, eyes shut, but she was smiling. She always smiled after sex, just like he always felt like crying from joy.

"Can you wait a few months for that again?" Asriel asked, stroking her hair slowly and wondering the same thing of himself.

"Mm" Frisk murmured. "I'll try to contain myself."

* * *

><p>Toriel and Asgore were thrilled by the very idea of a monster wedding for their children. Toriel was so happy she went to her recipe book at once, leafing through it in order to find the best pie for such an event.<p>

Asgore took a calmer approach. "Will you be doing this Underground?" he wondered. When they both nodded, he smiled. "How about at New Home? You could also use it as a kind of away-place following the wedding. The main building could use some cleaning, but there should be lots of room."

"Yes, but" Frisk looked at Asriel shyly. "Can we keep the flowers?"

Asriel was surprised, but Asgore was not. "Of course," he agreed. "If anything, they'd add to the ambiance, if Asriel is alright with it."

"Well," he blushed. "I was going to ask the same. Alsoâ€¦ can we use the Throneroom? It has the best light, too."

Toriel came back with her biggest recipe book. "Of course you can!" she agreed, sitting beside Frisk and smiling. "What a lovely idea, my children."

"Youâ€¦ you're both taking this oddly well," Asriel observed. "Your kids are getting married. You don't seem bothered by it."

Asgore and Toriel exchanged smiles. "Because we were waiting for it," Asgore admitted. "Ever since they refused to pass the law the third time, we figured your patience would be finished as well."

"Besides," Toriel added. "What parent doesn't love planning their kids' wedding?"

"So, besides the Puzzle Dance," Frisk said, remembering Alphys and Undyne's wedding. "What else is traditional?"

"Oh, dear," Toriel placed a hand to her cheek. "We can't have you doing a Puzzle Dance, Frisk. You'd always win."

"Hey," Asriel growled. "I spent years observing and learning the puzzles of the Underground. I think I can stump Frisk! Or at the very least use my magic!"

"You could," Asgore agreed. "That's what I had to do."

"You still lost, Gorey, dear," replied Toriel, which earned her a rather dark look from her husband.

"I don't even know if I can," Frisk admitted. "I love them and love solving them, but I've never been good at making them for others."

Asriel grinned deviously, and she scowled at him. "Don't you dare," she warned, but it was too late: he was already plotting.

"Don't worry," said Toriel, also devious. "I can give you lots of advice on how to make â€" or at least beat â€" puzzles." She smirked at Asgore, who blushed deeply and coughed.

"That's cheating, Mom!" Asriel protested.

"My boy, you would have been cheating, too." Toriel replied. "I'll make sure she goes easy on youâ€¦ at first."

Frisk grinned in triumph, and Asriel sighed.

2. It sings to me inside

****Chapter Two: It sings to me inside ****

"Fuck yeah!"_

This was followed by Undyne grabbing both Frisk and Asriel into her arms and lifting them above the ground in a tight, fierce hug. _"Fuck

yeah, fuck yeah, fucking awesome!"_

"Ow," Asriel gasped out, but Frisk was used to years of this and merely giggled out her reaction.

"Hello!" Alphys waved from behind Undyne to shut the door " and then to join in on the hug, surprising both Asriel and Frisk.
"Congratulations!"

The moment the two were released, Frisk hugged each of them in return, though Asriel remained a bit aloof, unsure of how else to react. With a kind smile, Alphys led them into the living room, where they sat on the well-worn couch, Undyne and Alphys sharing their favourite chair.

"So," said Alphys, "you wanted some wedding advice?"

Frisk nodded. "I have no idea where to start when it comes to things like clothes and stuff. Where do we go?"

"Underground for Asriel," Undyne said at once. "The surface is great, but you want privacy, and Underground is best for that."

Asriel nodded in agreement.

"You're easier, Frisk," Alphys said. "You can do both, but I'd also recommend Underground. You're both kind of a hot topic at the moment."

That was true. In the year that had passed, the media couldn't get enough of the two, despite their myriad attempts of avoiding them. No amount of dark clothes, hoodies, and sunglasses protected them, to the point in which Frisk had to work from home and Asriel not at all. (Though he did become addicted to online gaming, and soon had his own Let's Play channel " minus the face-cam, of course.) It was so bad that their incognito attempts became almost a fashion statement " but still not enough to protect them.

"Do you think we can keep this a secret?" wondered Asriel now.

Both Alphys and Frisk snorted, and Undyne rolled her eyes. "Of course not, kid-boy," she said. "If they don't already know by now, I'd be shocked.

Asriel made a face at that, especially at the use of 'kid-boy'.

Alphys looked thoughtful. "Do you need help? I can recommend a few places and can help you choose."

"You?" Undyne teased. She knew her wife's idea of dressing up was a dressy shirt over new jeans.

"Well, not _me, _but"

* * *

><p>"Darling Goat Children!"

The Underground's main presentation stage, located in Hotland, was

crowded, but luckily Asriel and Frisk managed to avoid the crowds via VIP passes. Once backstage, Mettaton greeted them with an overjoyed expression, practically dancing on the spot. Frisk grinned, but Asriel blushed; he never knew when Mettaton was being serious or not.

"So," Mettaton said now, throwing his arms around their shoulders with a grin. "You're getting married traditionally and need my help, do you?"

"Just clothes," Frisk said, but Mettaton scoffed. "Nonsense! I must help for the whole event!"

"Uh," Frisk tried again, but Mettaton was already steering them away, talking so fast and excitedly that there was no other chance to get a word in.

* * *

><p>"This is stupid. I look stupid. I quit this stupidity."<p>

Frisk kicked the door of the change room with her foot â€" currently covered in a flat, shiny shoe. "You're stupid for sure if you don't show me," she replied.

"Asriel, dearie, do be a good kid and come on out," Mettaton sang, though there was a sharp edge to his voice. "Frisk has."

There was a pause. "She has?"

"Yep," agreed Frisk.

Mettaton had managed to pay off the clothes store owner quite a sum of gold for privacy, and now they could finally breathe without fear of being caught by a camera (or a hundred). But this still didn't help Asriel's shyness.

"Come out now, or I'll come in and get you," Mettaton warned.

The door immediately opened to reveal Asriel, wearing a lovely mid-calm kilt and a clean-pressed blue shirt beneath a tailcoat of the same material as the kilt â€" a dark blue and green tartan threaded with black. Asriel was scarlet, his eyes on his feet, his hands limp at his sides. "Stupid," was all he said.

Frisk stared at him, now scarlet, herself. Her hand went to her mouth, then to her nose, before her eyes flared and she turned away, both hands at her nose now.

Mettaton was grinning smugly, arms crossed over his chest. "Gorgeous."

Asriel looked up to glare in response â€" but saw Frisk instead, and any words he wanted to say died in his throat, replaced by dizziness. She wore an ankle-length kilt, of the same tartan as he, another swath of it wrapped around her shoulder to her waist over a close-fitting emerald blouse, her flat shoes of the same colour. Though her hands were still up, and she looked embarrassed, she also looked beautiful.

"Holy shit," he whispered, and she turned to him with a shy smile, before saying, voice muffled, "Back at you."

Both suddenly received light smacks upside their heads. _"Never_ doubt my taste again!" Mettaton chastised. _"Now_ may I plan the wedding, based on this success?"

But they were ignoring him, already embracing, Frisk keeping one hand up but still able to hug. They were whispering to each other, occasionally giggling between words, not used to seeing each other like this but loving it.

"I'm taking that as a yes!" said Mettaton with triumph. Before they could even agree or disagree, he was already gone to pay for the clothes â€" his wedding gift to them.

* * *

><p>The Throneroom was beautiful during the day, but almost ethereal at night. Though the stars were too far up to even be seen, their light could be, and the now set-up room, filled with benches and a raised dais at the front was also lit with candles along the walls, giving the room a gentle glow.<p>

Frisk walked slowly with Asriel, hand-in-hand, as they examined the beautiful work that was both from Mettaton and Toriel. The flowers curled around their feet and ankles, a pleasant floral smell like no other filling their senses. The skylights provided a beautiful, abstract pattern upon the entire room, and neither had imagined such beauty.

"It's perfect," Frisk whispered, squeezing Asriel's hand.

He had been nervous coming here, the last time's memory holding no kindness for him. But with Frisk there, as well as with new eyes, he could see the true beauty before him.

It was finally the day before the ceremony, and though she thought she should be, Frisk wasn't nervous. Instead, she felt excited, jubilant, as if she could cup the stars and dance their dance, she felt so happy.

"It is perfect," murmured Asriel, as if a louder voice would somehow shatter it.

"So perfect," agreed Frisk. "All of it. Even if Mettaton makes it into a stupid event." She pointed to the wall-mounted cameras, and he scowled, but then shrugged; it was a small price to pay for a good ceremony, he figured.

Frisk turned to him. "Are you nervous? Having second thoughts?"

Asriel stared at her. "Are you stupid? Of course not. I guess I should be, but I'm not. Maybe I'm stupid."

She placed a hand on his cheek and smiled warmly. "No, my love," she replied happily. "Not even a bit."

He hugged her, then, a little teary, and she held him close, stroking

his ears gently. "Tomorrow," he whispered into her shoulder.

"The start of the rest of our lives," she finished with a deep sigh.

3. It cries out in the darkest night

****Chapter Three: It cries out in the darkest night ****

The ceremony was not that much different than a human one, save it was older – much older. Serving as Queen and King, Toriel and Asgore stood at the dais as Frisk and Asriel walked arm-in-arm between the rows of incredibly full benches. Asriel was shaking, but Frisk's warmth at his side made him strong despite it, and he focussed on her. Their parents wore traditional robes, complete with the Delta Rune and armour, Asgore holding his trident, while Toriel held a sword – something gone long unseen since the beginning of their banishment.

When they reached the dais, everyone sat down, and Asgore crossed his trident with Toriel's sword, both of them serious, though neither could hide the glow in their eyes. The sun shone brightly down into the throneroom, giving everything a beautiful golden glow that also glinted off their weapons.

Wordlessly, still linked at the arms, Frisk and Asriel knelt down before their parents, and Toriel said, in a voice that hadn't been heard in so long, "You come to us with the desire to be mated for life. Is this truth?"

"Yes," they said together.

"You come to us with the desire to be linked in both body and soul for life," Asgore said in a similar voice. "Is this truth?"

"Yes."

Both the trident and the sword slammed down at once before them, centimetres from their knees, but neither flinched, which was a good sign. Wordlessly, Frisk reached up and took hold of the handle of the sword, but did not pull it free, as Asriel did the same with the trident.

"Do you take these weapons as promise to protect your mate to death?" Toriel asked.

"Do you take these weapons as promise to defend your love to death?" Asgore asked.

"We do," they said, their eyes meeting.

"Then do so, and rise as mates for life," Asgore concluded.

They did, and at once the entire room flooded with joy. Toriel placed her hands upon Frisk's shoulders, as Asgore did for Asriel, and all four grinned, the sombre mood vanishing at once.

Especially when Asriel whispered, "Dad, this thing is so

heavy!"

None of the Dreemurrs could hide their laughter at that.

* * *

><p>"Fucking awesome!"

This time, when Undyne and Alphys hugged them, they were prepared, and even Asriel laughed. The laugh became strained when Mettaton joined in, but it was still quite wonderful.

It was moments before the Puzzle Dance, many of Mettaton's "cutie-cronies" moving the benches to make room for it. Frisk, having taken much of Toriel's advice, still felt quite nervous about the entire prospect, unsure if her new husband would use puzzles or magic, but Asriel looked excited, which only added to that nervousness.

When everyone was allowed back onto the floor briefly, they were hugged again and again. Papyrus declared, "WHAT A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL MATCH!" before bursting into happy tears.

sans extracted his brother from them carefully before he, to the shock of everyone watching, hugged Asriel, who was so surprised, himself that he forgot to hug back. That is, until sans said, in a strangely hoarse voice, "take care of her, _weed,_ or you'll regret it."

Asriel snorted. "Like you did? Please, _bastard."_

That oddly satisfied sans, who let him go with a pat on the back. Then he hugged Frisk, who smiled and hugged back.

"protect him," said sans softly. "he needs your strength, frisk."

"I know," she agreed. "And I will. With my life."

He hugged her for longer than he did Asriel, and when he let go, he was already looking away. Frisk noticed, but before she could ask after him, her parents were there, beaming.

"Ready?" Toriel asked, her hands clasped before her. Frisk felt a wave of butterflies assault her, but she nodded, glancing at Asriel, who was now grinning.

Asgore waved them to the floor, raising a hand to silence the onlookers who now crowded along the walls. Slowly, Toriel and Asgore led their children to the floor, then left them alone to face each other.

Asriel and Frisk stared at each other, waiting for either on to make a move. Then, Asriel crouched into a stance, his hands igniting at once. Frisk waited, her hands behind her back (people could see they were empty). Asriel came forward, flinging swirls of magic in her direction, and she felt that tug to her heart like she always did â€" so familiar with Asriel, and her soul responded. He threw easy marks fist, and she barely had to move to avoid them.

When he grinned, she grinned back, and that was when Asriel became

serious. The fire he summoned next were twirling circles of beaded flame, the gaps within so narrow Frisk had to work to avoid them. But once she had, and when she remained standing there without a fight, Asriel looked confused " until her smile crept into something devious. _Then_ he understood.

With each increased volley of fire, she spared him, barely moving, her hands still behind her back after the attack finished. The monsters (and humans) who watched were rather shocked by this; humans couldn't use magic, true, but they at least expected Frisk to use a weapon and not spare Asriel every time.

Asriel was growing more and more tired. He had practised the entire time preparations were being made, but even at his best, still she spared him. (Toriel was grinning, and upon seeing this, Asgore understood at last, and was very proud.)

When he grew breathless, his determination dim, she walked up to him and stood a half-metre away. He attacked again, but she easily avoided it. When it was her turn, this time instead of sparing him, she reached out and, with one hand, and pushed him to the floor. He dropped like a stone, both from shock and exhaustion.

"Uh" Frisk wins?" Mettaton announced, sounding as confuse as Asriel felt. "Asriel is the loser until next year's anniversary, in which he'll be given a chance to prove his worth"?"

Asriel groaned and lay down on his back, shutting his eyes, all of his plans for the evening evaporating. Frisk knelt beside him and whispered, "Trust me, love: you _wanted_ me to win."

"No," he growled tiredly.

"Oh yes," she corrected with a wink. "You did."

4. And breaks the morning light

****Chapter Four: And breaks the morning light**
>

Like Alphys and Undyne, the newly married couple left early, though for different reasons. The time spent waiting for the chance to make love was gnawing away at their patience " especially after the Puzzle Dance " and while Mettaton was dancing and singing, they snuck out, practically running to New Home and locking all the doors behind them. (This had been arranged by Toriel and Asgore, and thus they had no chance of being interrupted.)

The moment they made it, Asriel was pinned against the closest wall and fiercely kissed by Frisk, her body going right up against his so close, he could feel how warm she already was. Asriel held tight, stumbling only when she licked his lips open and met his tongue with her own. Then he almost lost his balance, having missed her passion so much it almost hurt. "Frisk," he whispered, pulling at the cloth around her shoulders to pull it off, and she let him, breaking the kiss to do so but coming back into it once it was off. She pulled off his coat, then started pulling free the shirt beneath, something he was trying to do with her, as well. He said her name again, and she moaned his softly in reply, hooking a leg around his hips in order to

feel his arousal against hers.

"Tell me... what to... do," he whispered between kisses. That was the true meaning of the Dance; the loser was at the mercy of the winner for the entire night and day following the wedding. She nodded, pulling him free from the wall and towards one of the old bedrooms â€" recently cleaned and remodelled â€" undressing him as they went, soon doing the same for herself.

Once they were both naked, Frisk pulled Asriel rather roughly to the bed, bringing him atop her at once, kissing him so hard and so closely he clung to her, his mind a haze of only her, and her of him. "Be with me," she ordered â€" pleaded, really â€" her hand already reaching down to grasp him and pull him close. He shuddered unable to help it, and once she had pulled him deep, he collapsed, kissing her with a deep growl. When he moved, unable to help it, she moved with him, her eyes shut and her teeth bared, the feel of him so wonderful, so missed, that she clung to him as hard as she could.

"More, Asriel, please," she begged, and he shifted in order to thrust deeper. Once she began to gasp and arch backwards, senseless now, he moved faster, unable to help himself. She didn't seem to mind one bit; her face got redder and redder, her eyes squeezed shut tight, his name on her lips each time he hit just right. "More, oh, more, Asriel, please!"_ she begged again, and he buried his face into her shoulder, feeling hot all over and so close, but more eager to get her there, first.

Then her nails dug into his shoulders and she gasped, her eyes snapping open and looking blind. She cried out his name, pleading, until she keened out, that sound that he knew so well by now. He slowed down as she groaned, her eyes rolling up as her breath catching low in her throat. She squirmed beneath him, then became almost boneless beneath him, clutching him tightly and jerking just a little bit, the aftershocks almost as intense as the first.

But Asriel wasn't done yet â€" not with her. When she caught her breath and opened her eyes, he started moving again, lowering down and resting his weight on his elbows, and she made a long, drawn out noise at that, gasping and crying out his name so sweetly he was the one clinging to her, kissing her again. She returned it, making small cries against his lips each time he thrust deep, until she murmured, "I thinkâ€¦ I think Iâ€¦_I'mâ€¦ againâ€¦ Asrielâ€¦ I-ah!"_ And again she was clutching tight, throwing her head back and practically shouting out. Her passion, her reaction, and the feel of her dissolved the last of his control, and he growled out her name in reply as he came, too â€" a rare thing, that.

For a long time, they lay together, kissing and caressing, talking about such personal things it would be rather nosy to record. Once Asriel had slipped beside her and pulled the blanket over them both, she was half-asleep, still floating on a cloud of pleasure.

But she whispered, "I love you, dear husband."

Asriel held her close, resting his cheek on her chest to listen to her heart. "I love you, darling wife," he agreed, tearing up. As she drifted into sleep, he cried softly, unable to believe his luck â€" before he, too, joined her in slumber.

There would be much more once they woke â€" especially at the hands of Frisk â€" but that would be later. Now, they slept, and dreamt only of each other.

****The End****

End
file.